



THE
ALETHEIAN
DEVOTED TO
The SCIENCE of the SOUL

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WHERE
TRUTH
IS
FEAR
IS
NOT

MAY-JUNE 1914

\$1.00 the Year

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Truth

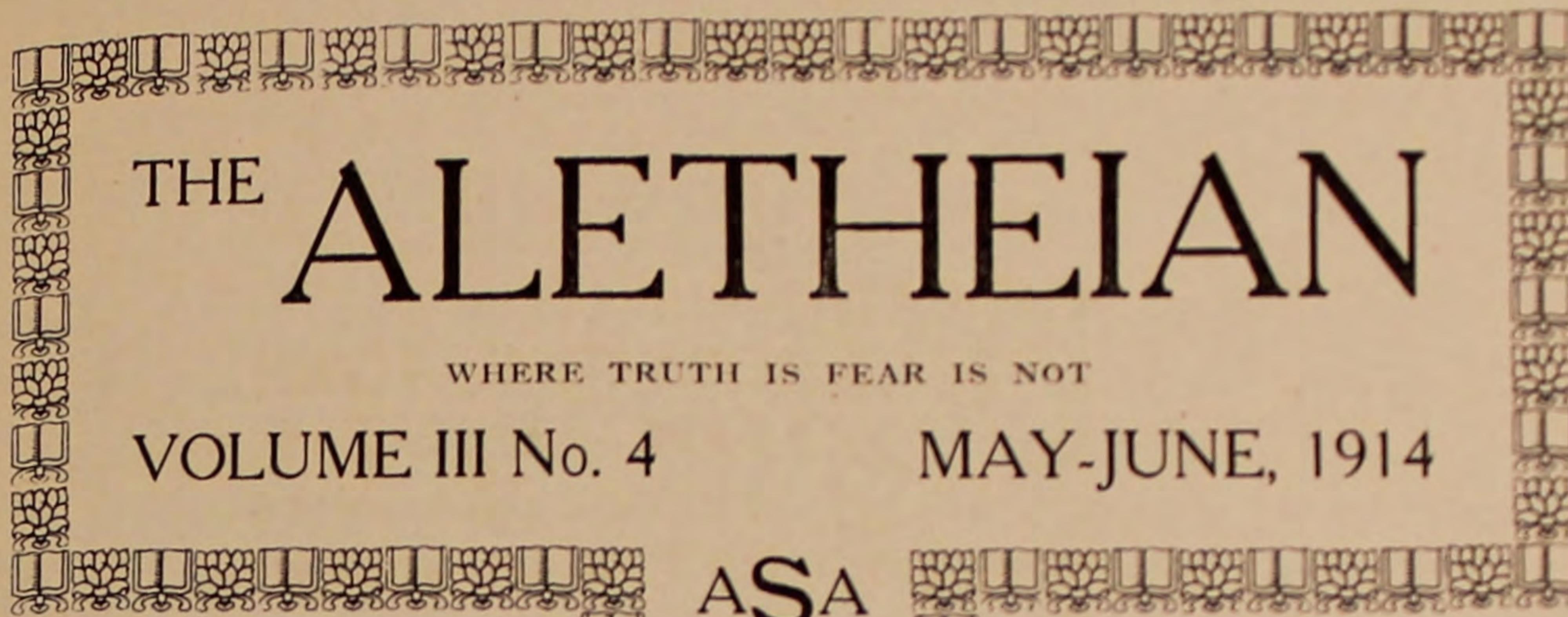


FROM THE AGES
OH TRUTH,
From The Ages
long past hath man sought
thee. In the future to come
will he seek. In visions of
light God hath wrought to
unfold all the wisdom of
sage *and* seer. Look
then with the eyes of the
soul, oh my brother, look
deep with the far-seeing
soul. All the sorrow *and*
sinning the world would
uncover shall fade by the
light of the radiant soul!
The spirit illumines, the
soul holds the light, the
mortal the torch bearer is.
Inexpressible privilege, to
carry the light; Oh won-
drous guerdon, to so cheer
the world! Who tells you
that suffering is bitter,
knows not the joy of wak-
ing to strength through
trial. Love *and* be loved
oh Children of Earth. Love
and give love. For this thou
wer't born, to follow thine
All-Highest Light. ☰ ☱

—ALETHEIA.

1914

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THE ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME III No. 4

MAY-JUNE, 1914

ASA

PSYCHOLOGY
ETHICS

PHILOSOPHY
VERSE

DEVOTED TO THE UNIVERSAL UPLIFT
SPIRIT—TRUTH—JUSTICE—EQUALITY

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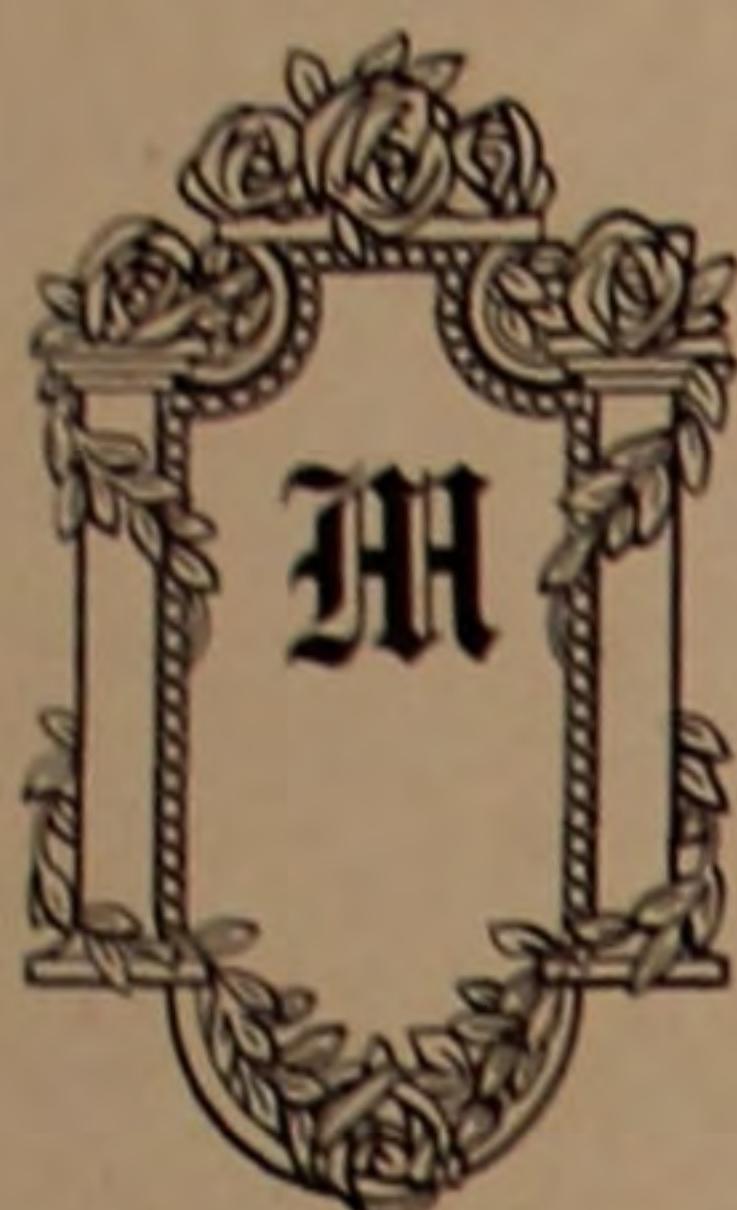
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The Gods

By Sylvia Sterling



METHOUGHT the bounds of time were
all effaced,
And I stood watching while the new-
born earth
Rolled forth in heaven clad in fiery light,
A mighty mass of molten stone *and* flame;
While round about, the ether eddies swirled,
To drive their giant burden through its course.
A thousand thousand years my eyes looked on,
Or so it seemed, for change on change took place;
The seething rock condensed, the flames were gone,
And life upsprang where chaos once had reigned.

Ah me! 'twas but a vision I beheld,
But some there were who saw the earth conceived,
Who older seemed than very time itself!
And yet, like you *and* me, they once were men
In mortal forms upon some lowly star;
But in the dream, I scarce could lift mine eyes
Before the radiance of such wondrous souls,
Who, from their high Etherian homes, had seen
The infant earth evolve through ages growth.

Today they watch from distant, unseen realms
And know the future of the speeding earth;
Yet, they with wisdom of supernal gods,
Their glory shining like a risen sun,
Are but high atoms of a perfect whole,
Resplendant now as we may one day be;
Eternal through the virtue of their souls
Which came from that great Universal Mind—
All-Knowing Splendor no man's thought can span,
No angel compass, be he as a god;—
All-Light, All-Love, the Ever-Present Source
Of all that is, or was, or e'er shall be.

What we Have to Say

To Receive True Inspiration One Must Enter the Silence

HERE is much talk of entering the Silence, and the benefits to be derived therefrom, among some mortals who fail to comprehend that the great reward of the Silence is Spiritual illumination, proceeding from the Most High. In entering the Silence one literally obliterates the ordinary modes of thought and can scarcely be said to think at all; rather to place the mind in subjection to the Spirit, from whence there is an inflow of knowledge received by the conscious mind, exactly as a stenographer would take dictation; the conscious organism acting as an amanuensis of the spirit in transcribing this higher knowledge into written language.

The proof that such wisdom is given to the sensitive, is that a comparatively uneducated individual, under inspiration, is able to write a profound treatise upon subjects with which he or she is unfamiliar. These writings frequently contain the highest wisdom, coupled with indisputable facts of history or science, proven by comparison with the best the libraries have to offer upon the subject. Encyclopaedias, histories and all scientific works extant are consulted, and the writings given through the psychic compared therewith. The result is in many instances that known facts, according to the best authorities, have been given in completeness of detail then frequently supplemented by an illumined explanation beyond all previously disseminated on earth by the most learned minds of all times.



The Master Mind

In some countries those who by experience, suffering and self-abnegation have eliminated the personal and enthroned the spiritual are called adepts, yogis, or Masters. Prominent

among these are the inspired seers and prophets. The great minds of earth are not limited to any particular country or sphere. We frequently find a Master manifested in a being who comes to light amidst the most ordinary surroundings. Whenever the higher spiritual self becomes the controlling self, the individual becomes a Master. All Masters, in the spiritual sense, show, as a predominating characteristic, love for humanity—the universal uplift becomes the dominating force of the Master's life. All Masters are disciples of Truth. The Master Mind is manifested in the feminine as in the masculine body. The Master is at once, dominating and self-effacing.; selfish ambitions are swallowed up in the desire to do something for the universal uplift; where formerly the aspirant for fame desired honors, he now desires, above all things, to be honorable; where he formerly desired to lead, he now desires to be worthy of such leadership as he may be selected to assume; where formerly he desired to be observed and praised for his deeds, he now earnestly desires strength to do worthily, and cares not to be observed of men. The fruits of the Master's labors may be gathered by other hands; the Master's desire is to produce and to continue producing for the needs of all who are not yet able to produce for themselves; the Master's effort to enlighten others is induced by observing the lack of comprehension in the less enlightened—a desire to unselfishly disseminate good regardless of recompense. The Master is a laborer satisfied to earn sufficient to enable him to perform his share in the world's work. The Master Mind par excellence is the mind that, resolutely opposing all hypnotic suggestion, becomes a clear channel for the expression of Truth, received through clairvoyance, clairaudience, or inspiration. Such minds demonstrate the creative forces in scientific discoveries, musical composition, invention, literary composition, poesy, prophecy and healing. These in their highest form are manifestations of the All-Spirit, and the Spirit indeed filleth the soul of the sensitive, that like a sweet tuned harp responds obedient to the touch of the Master-Inspirer.

True Thought, the Science of the Soul

THE passion to proselitize, the struggle to gain converts to cults, rather than a universal uplift drawing all men unto the Father, has ever been the stumbling block in the path of ethical and religious progress. Claims that some particular sect, or teacher, points the only path to progress is foreign to all Truth.

"I and my Father are one," said Jesus, endeavoring to teach a priest-ridden world that mankind is *one* with the Father and able to approach that Father in Spirit and in Truth.

Healing by spiritual power or awaking the soul of the patient to his own share in the Infinite Spirit has been taught from all ages, but it remained for Jesus to demonstrate the power of Faith in the Supreme as the source of all healing. This was true Thought, or Soul Science—and was a great advance over the teachings of Pythagoras, who mystic and seer as he was, belonged rather to the school of mental science than to spiritual, or soul science. Pythagoras consulted the oracle, maintaining a temple of seers whose utterances took precedence over Astrological deductions or the "science of numbers." This same Pythagoras, of Greece, metaphysician, scientist and seer, born five hundred and eighty-two years before Jesus, the Christ, said:—"Hate and fear breed a poison in the blood, which, if continued, affects eyes, ears, nose and the organs of digestion. Therefore, it is not wise to hear the unkind things that others may say of us."

"To be happy, healthful and poised refuse to recognize error," is the modern paraphrase of this teaching. Jesus taught, "As a man thinketh, so is he," and Love is the fulfilling of the Law. He, the Master Healer, clearly demonstrated Faith as the channel of the healing power. Faith is more than "belief." It is the awakening of the Soul to the conscious application of the Law of Love. These awakening rays of Inspiration leading mortals through soul science, or true thought, to "self healing" are given direct to those who, taught of the Spirit, are filled with the "Holy Spirit" and

know this for true thought because they are inspired of it. Such as these give the glory thereof to that source from whence it proceeds—the Inspirer, the Creator, the Power Illimitable.—

Aletheia.

The Passing Storm

By Marguerite Head

I WANDERED down the wildwood path,
Where branches arched and interlaced,
And blossom faces, peeping through,
Their fragrant bowers graced.
How lovely looked the dew-decked ferns!
How peaceful seemed the morning air!
As though it wafted Heavenward
A vestal's sacred prayer.

Among the latticed leaves there danced
A thousand little flecks of light,
Till up the elfin shadows rose
And put them all to flight.
And heavy-laden clouds, black-robed,
Trailed o'er the sky's blue-tinted hall
Where soon, like weary maids, they let
Their urns of water fall.

The trees rocked, shouting, to and fro;
The sudden wind, with jocund cry,
Went whistling through the forest glade
To all the woods defy.
A mighty, thun'drous voice pealed forth,
And like a knight, who in the quest,
Has found his foe, the lightning hurled
Its javlin at earth's breast.

The world of elemental things—
All Nature's children—warred, distraught,
Until the sun regained his throne
And calm from chaos brought.
And as a joyous soul set free
Finds love and peace beyond its pain,
So chastened after ev'ry storm,
The earth smiles out again.

The Magnitude of Love

THOUGHTS FROM AN UNSEEN FRIEND

Transcribed by Sylvia Sterling

HOW wonderful is love! Its forms are many, its uses are myriad, its value as a universal emotion cannot be estimated. Love of the First Cause of Life, the Creator, sex love, parental love, brotherly love, love of Nature, love of animals, love of flowers, love of books and love of all things good, beautiful or useful may be classified under the word love. Much, however, often accepted under this word is not love but a pernicious imitation, a counterfeit, a spurious something whose best-known name is selfishness. True love in any form must be unselfish. Sex love must involve the highest qualities of unselfishness or it descends to the level of mere lust; parental love must consider the good of the child before the personal desires of parents or relatives; brotherly love must embrace the betterment and upliftment of all humanity regardless of station; love of the Creator must not become the cringing faith of a fanatic who steeps his soul in prayer and meditation and forgets the welfare of his fellow beings; no love must be indulged to the point where it infringes on the happiness or well-being of others, or it is no longer love.

The purity and beauty of true love is the prime cause of all beatitudes.

"No life can be pure in its purpose, strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

And every life that is pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife of assisting the unfortunate, is actuated by love. Material endeavor for others may accomplish far-reaching results, but when accompanied by an intense love, the unknown effect may be greater than the visible accomplishment, for love is a thought-force that starts vibrations through the ether and sends them to other minds attuned to receive such impulses. Many minds may follow the unknown example of the one by this unsuspected method of thought impregnation, and a stupendous organization of mortals with

similar aspirations, all striving for the same cause, may be the result.

The highest love manifest toward one's self is the love of good for good's sake, the love of improvement of character because to be principled in virtue is a delight to the soul. This love of improvement and development is radiated to other minds, and a community of people may be elevated, if only in a small degree, because this thought was sent forth. The desire to woo virtue through fear of an avenging Deity, or prospect of thereby attaining heaven, makes void the aim, save as man, by striving, forgets his fear or selfish ambition, and becomes constitutionally principled in good. To be principled in good is to become unselfish, and unselfishness is love. The force of love knows no confines and so may travel, unobserved, to help the progress of all unlightened spheres.

Deeds and Creeds

GIVE me religion of the loving deeds,
And not the church that simply preaches creeds
And teaches us to criticise each sect
That dares, our wise opinions, to reject:

But let religion teach man's soul to see
The beauty of love, mercy, charity,
And reach to others kind and helping hands,
That is the creed, the heart best understands.

And what will most uplift the human soul
And lead it nearer to life's highest goal.
Give us religion then of life's good deeds,
Not prejudiced discussion of its creeds.

'Tis not what we profess to most believe;
But good that others, from our lives, receive
That makes the world grow better every day.
So spread good thought and deeds along life's way.

And scatter peace and happiness o'er earth;
For they, far more than all the creeds are worth.
Religion plays a very doubtful part
When love and sunshine enter not the heart.

—*Martha Shepard Lippincott.*

The Aletheia Society

In Obedience to the Voice of the Spirit

TEACHES that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

THIS Society is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and Invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle. Our Creed is faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. We believe in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all humanity.

ALETHEIAN, thou must become immune to error, deaf to criticism, mute to censure, impervious to flattery, unmoved by praise, yet giving kindness ever, if thou wouldst walk in the way of Truth.

THINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken to no evil communications, bear no malice, heal the sick, help to raise the fallen, annihilate error, live in charity for all mankind, disseminating only Light, Love and Truth.

We invite all readers who earnestly desire the betterment of material and spiritual conditions for the universe to become active members of the Aletheia—or Truth—society. Write to us suggestions that you may have for the universal uplift, here and now. We will gladly co-operate with you as far as lies within our powers. The Aletheian maintains a free reading room, open to all, at 1140 Columbus avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

The entire income from sales and subscriptions of the Aletheian Magazine is devoted to the cause of Truth. The aim of our society is to promulgate truth and universal brotherhood. It is our purpose to build temples for the free discussion of higher thought and the dissemination of spiritual truths, free healing of body, mind and soul.

Every subscription sent to us furthers this cause. We have received much loving service and some voluntary contributions. We know there are many who would gladly work with us to further this work and to these we say, Come today, unite with us, and help to make this world all it was intended to be—a

great union of equal interests, equal opportunity and universal recognition of the law of Love, with all hearts, all minds, all souls lifted up to the great fountain of being—the All Light, the sublime, all pervasive and ever present Spirit Eternal. In the Spirit of Truth, we greet you.

—*The Aletheia Society.*

Influence

By Maude L. Sharpe

Many people who, although convinced of the moral and physical righteousness of the fleshless diet, practicing it themselves, say they do not feel justified in influencing others, not even their children, in this matter. This is a most deceptive argument, for in all other ways parents and friends are eager to stand for what they believe to be best, whether exercise and baths and pure air, to school and lessons. No one can escape being an influence towards all and each he even passes on life's journey; he has only to decide *how* he will influence—whether for the highest he knows, or for the lowest, or towards the indifferent middle ground. Since reflection will prove the truth that we do influence always by smile or frown, and word and deed, whether we will to do so or not, how well it is to let our spoken thought testify to the good that has been proven good to us. We cannot make others believe as we do, nor should we desire to do so; but to give them an opportunity to share our best beliefs is a sacred duty.

Herbert Spencer illuminates this subject of responsibility as follows:—

“Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself—that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency—is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes, and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may.”****

The Cat's Paw

A narrative of startling facts involving a notable group of people.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Boarding the car Fanny was relieved to find it so crowded that one of the plain clothes men was obliged to take a seat at some distance, though the officer who had been acting as spokesman seated himself beside her. He glanced about watchfully, then in a very low voice said: "Madame, I see that you do not realize the gravity of your position, and I'm forced to say that there is something mighty crooked behind this. The whole thing is irregular. If you are guilty of the charge against you, you should by rights have been taken to your precinct, the tenth. Instead of that our orders are to bring you down to the first precinct station—that's pretty tough, on a—a—lady."

"What difference does it make, a police station is a police station isn't it?"

"My God, Madam, it makes all the difference in the world. The tenth precinct is in a respectable neighborhood, the first precinct is the worst in the city. It is the tenderloin precinct." Fanny looked at him uncomprehendingly. He continued, "Why don't you see? We're ordered to bring you to the Division precinct where dissolute women taken in raids are brought. If this thing gets into the papers that alone would brand you."

"My God!" whispered Fanny, "I understand. Wasgood never expected to make a case against me. But, the report that I was taken there would lead the world to infer—"

"That you were arrested in some dissolute resort?—exactly!"

"I see," said Fanny, "this is in line with his threat that he would place me in such a position that no one else would give me employment."

"He threatened that, eh? Well I guess he has kept his word, even if you succeed in disproving the attempted murder."

"Murder!" Fanny could scarcely repress a scream. Her look of blank astonishment and horror convinced the detective of her ignorance of the charge against her.

"Yes, murder threatened and attempted, with eight witnesses against you!"

"The warrant doesn't say that, does it?" said Fanny in accents of horror.

"No—that's just it—why that warrant is illegal on the face of it! It charges you with 'threats,' but the charges you're going to face are first threats and a premeditated attempt to murder. Even if you were guilty, to bring you out of the precinct where you live, where we found you—and bring you down here is a damnable—hush—don't say a word. I may have to seem a little rough with you. I—it's expected of me—the Captain is a tough one—and there's some pressure somewhere. I'll do what I can but it won't be much."

They left the car at this juncture and went direct to the station house. Fanny scarcely comprehended the forbidding surroundings. She was almost overwhelmed by the terrible charge against her. Wasgood's words, "I have eight men whom I own body and soul. Why, they'd even swear your life away if I told them to do so," came back with frightful significance. She shut the thought out of her mind. Something must be done. Wasgood's connection with the press—the newspapers—yes, she must stop the papers. She could see it all, a vicious, libelous story concocted, probably already in type. Her arrest, the terrible first precinct all diabolically planned to give color to the lie.

The Captain's gruff voice broke in upon her thoughts. "Take that woman in there!" he growled, pointing to a small office at one side. Then he called the black moustached detective aside. There was a few moments of conversation in low tones. Fanny then heard him say, "That's all right, you're out of this now, you're needed up town. I'll see to her." Fanny could not see him but his rough bullying voice, evidently now questioning some prisoner, roused her indignation, sending a thrill of scorn through her whole being as she listened. The

Captain was brow-beating the unseen victim for fully half an hour. During this time some one had been holding a lengthy conversation over the telephone and at length the Captain said, "Now bring that woman here."

"Just a minute, Captain," the voice sounded like that of the officer who had brought Fanny to the station. She listened intently and heard him say, "I've been telephoning to try and find out if she really has seen the Chief and I've got the Major himself. He says she is to be released on a hundred dollars bail—"

"A hundred dollars," roared the Captain, "a hundred dollars bail for a prisoner charged with attempting murder—not much."

"That's the Chief's orders, sir, and he says she is to have the use of the telephone to call up any friends."

"The telephone!" Fanny sprang to her feet and rushed toward the instrument. "Give me the Washington Post, the Managing Editor, well, the City Editor then. Have you a story about the arrest of Mrs. Fanny Heath? You have. How much? A column and a half. Already in type? You must not print it! Why? Because it's false from beginning to end. Yes, absolutely false—why—because I am Mrs. Heath. Yes, I am at the first precinct. Yes—arrested in Mount Pleasant at nine o'clock tonight. Can't you see the story is a frame up if it was brought in before that. You can't—it's too late. You must—you must. I tell you it's a false charge, a deliberate blackmailing scheme! Then if you don't believe me call up the Chief of Police, yes, Major Sylvester. He will explain. What—oh I don't know myself exactly why. It's spite work. You won't hold it back. Oh, you must not, you shall not, publish that story. Can't you wait? Wait until the trial then publish all—all! I will be only to glad to have the facts made public. You haven't facts—you will be an accessory to Wiltman Wasgood's blackmailing purposes and as such liable to prosecution. I warn you if you publish that matter your paper will have a heavy suit for libel on its hands. No, I'm not raving. You call up the owner. Yes, Mr. McLean, tell him I am Mrs. Heath who six years ago suppressed, at his request a certain kidnapping

story that cost her her position as a newspaper woman. Now she asks him to make good the promise he gave her to do for her any favor she might ask. She asks him for simple justice, the suppression of a malicious and criminal libel. Just to withhold the story until the truth can be proven. You—you'll what?—send a reporter to look into the matter—where?"

At this, the officer interposed, "The Major said if she doesn't get bail she is to go to the House of Detention." Fanny seized upon the word unconsciously, "the House of Detention," she gasped. "I don't know why. Oh for Heaven's sake don't keep me talking here longer. I have this to go through with all the other papers!" and she called them up one by one, despite the black looks of the precinct captain. When the last of the city editors had finally promised to hold the story until the reporters could interview her she sank into a chair wiping the beads of moisture from an anguished brow.

"Get up there, you!" roared the Captain, "you're to go to the House of Detention if you've got no bail!"

"Bail," repeated Fanny vaguely. She was still so intent upon the thought of how nearly the dreadful calumny had come to being published that all else paled into insignificance for the moment.

"Yes, bail!" roared the Captain.

"I—I—don't know where to get bail at this hour of the night," she faltered.

"Here, Mike, get this woman over to the House of Detention. If I had my way she'd go to jail now," muttered the Captain.

A leering evil face peered into hers as a repulsive creature slouched forward, laying his hand on her arm. Fanny recoiled, the wonderful self-control she had maintained was broken. "No, no!" she cried I won't go! Put me in a cell here, lock me up. Don't, don't send me away with that man!"

(To be Continued.)

If you are interested or in any way benefited by the "Aletheian" let us have a substantial proof of your interest in renewals and subscriptions sent in without delay.

Questions and Answers

These questions are submitted by subscribers, and are answered psychically through *Aletheia*.

Mrs. T. N. W., of Los Angeles, California, writes: Will the Aletheian explain just what is materialization?"

Materialization is the gathering together of sufficient astral light or aura borrowed from human presences to form a temporary spirit body through which a discarnate being becomes visualized to mortals, hence the use of "Materializing Mediums". This light, or force, is necessary only for those beings who have not been long in Spirit Life, or who are not yet sufficiently progressed to appear voluntarily in the ethereal body that all Spiritual Beings eventually assume.

Mrs. K., of Washington, D. C., asks: Do you believe that the ancients ever return to earth?"

Most assuredly; mortals should comprehend that only through the inspiration of those spirits, highly progressed and learned in Heavenly wisdom may mortals teach the higher spiritual truths. While your near and dear ones may, and frequently do, communicate with you in various ways, proving the immortality of the soul and the continuity of life, they have so much to learn in their new phase of existence that they are unable to teach much of the higher planes. It is, therefore, left to the highly progressed Spirit, or ancient; as you term it, to inspire the highly spiritualized mortal.

Miss J. W., of Houston, Texas, writes: "Why do we find some persons claiming that only American Indian spirits appear to them?"

The less progressed spirits seek minds vibrating in the ratio of their own intelligence, for such only will permit "control." The Ancient or "Master" seeks the most intelligent and illumined mortal mind possible through whom to express his ministering power. The Master Spirit does not

"control" the human organism in the ordinary sense of that word, but inspires and illumines, awaking the soul of the psychic, who becomes thus attuned to the Infinite through his own higher or spiritual self. To this higher self, then, the Master or Guardian speaks, and that higher self, in turn, communicates what it has learned to the conscious mind. Eventually this inspirationally illumined soul is recognized by his fellow-beings on the mortal plane as a Master.

J. J. A., Brooklyn, asks:—Why do Theosophists and other occult teachers hold "seances," teach Tarot divining and other "mystic arts," yet advise one to avoid Psychics and Spiritualists?

There are many cults who attempt to offer theories against true inspiration in disproof of the continuity of life and of the ego. Among these are certain Theosophic and other "Oriental" cults, who merely offer in exchange an absolutely unprovable theory of re-incarnation. While members of these cults are most eager for psychic readings, they attempt to belittle psychics and preach against what they term Mediumship and the "dangers of psychic practices." These theorists, always eager to proselitize, continually promise that they will reveal to their converts the "hidden mysteries of life." They proffer countless books, lessons and "teachings" which are to lead their students into the "Inner Circles" and eventually place them "in touch" with certain "Masters" in remote districts of the East. The highly developed psychic, receiving wisdom from the Infinite Source, is never misled by these promises; for the true psychic is a "Master" and an "Adept" regardless of race, country or environment. To the Soul-Seer there are no "hidden mysteries!" Soul, illumined by Spirit, comprehends all things, realizing that the Holy of Holies, the true Inner Circle, is within the soul; and is the central or spiritual self attuned to the Infinite. The knowledge that comes to the conscious mind by dwelling in the Silence, wherein externals are forgotten, is the knowledge given to the individual spirit through the All-Spirit from whence all wisdom proceeds.

—*Aletheia.*

“What was this Phenomenon?”*

Some years ago, I was a member of a dramatic company touring Michigan. One morning, after a tedious all night journey to the town in which we were to play, I went to my room in a hotel to rest. Too tired to even sleep I sat still, how long I do not know. Suddenly I saw my mother, (who at that moment was at her home in Fremont, Michigan, a great many miles away) wring her hands as if in great distress, and heard her say, “Walter, Walter, what shall I do! Oh, if Jennie were only here!” I sprang to my feet saying, “Mama, Mama, what is the matter?” Then I saw and heard no more. A lady who was present said, “You had better go to bed, for you are asleep and dreaming”

Walter was my father’s name. Hearing my mother call his name in such agony, wishing that—I “Jennie” were with her, alarmed me. The first impulse was to telegraph home to learn if my father was ill. I did not do so, fearing that they might laugh at me for such a foolish impression. As my mother knew my whereabouts and as no message came from her that day I dismissed the matter from my mind, believing it a dream.

Some weeks later I went home and related my “wide awake dream,” mentioning the day and hour of its occurrence. Greatly to my surprise my father said:

“Why, at the very time you were dreaming that, your mother used those same words!” He then explained that he had just given my mother a telegram calling her to the sick bed of a sister, in Kendallsville, Indiana. To reach her sister that day my mother had to drive ten miles to Newaygo to get a train. In her anxiety to get ready in time, I presume that she, with all her being, unconsciously perhaps, called for me, thinking that I could help her get ready for her journey. I at that very time was too tired to even think, and as my mind was in absolute repose I saw and heard my mother speak. I would like to have some one explain this wonderful phenomenon for me.

MRS. J. K. GAVIN,
No. 7, Hawthawn Ave., Clifton, New York.

*A psychic experience, including both the clairvoyant and clairaudient faculties, involuntarily used by an untrained but natural sensitive, or a telepathic message, and a momentary projection of the astral on the part of subject.—Editor.

The Rule of the People

SHALL BE BY VOTE OF ALL INTELLIGENT CITIZENS REGARDLESS OF SEX

By Frances Aletheia Dilopoulo

JT is useless to tell woman to go home and govern her son by precept and example, for as soon as the boy learns that he is to have the privilege of the franchise and that his mother, in that respect, is his inferior, her power over him wanes, and her "influence" is a negligible quantity.

From the hour in which the boy learns that there is discrimination against sex in the government of his nation, the vaunted mother power is lost. The gradually decreasing influence over the son is felt the moment the boy becomes aware of his superior privilege. Can any thinking man or woman deny that this is true?

How many mothers count the allegiance of the boy a thing of the past when the hitherto adoring son comes in wide-eyed with the knowledge that "Ma can't vote!" From that instant he begins to discount her sovereignty, and to question her right to obedience.

"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" includes exercising the privilege of the vote, and is the duty of the women as well as of the men citizens of our nation.

If you would fulfill your duty to your neighbor, you must have the privilege of the vote, but you must exercise that privilege for the common good. If you would fulfill your duty to yourself, you must have a voice in making the laws that govern you, you must do your full duty in obeying these laws in the spirit as well as to the letter.

If you would do your duty by your children, you will demand the vote and will thus force legislative measures to protect your children from the unjust. If you desire that humanity shall be happy, healthy and free, demand freedom for the ballot and vote for equitable laws.

You are your brother's keeper. Exercise your privilege to keep him clean, sane and responsible by fulfilling your responsibility as a citizen. Demand the franchise and vote

against the further dissemination of alcoholic poison, either through license, manufacture or sale of liquors.

If you are a woman and a citizen, use your brains,—think! Will you fulfill, or shirk, your duty as a citizen? Think now, decide today, whether you will be a spoke in the wheel of progress, or a bump on the log in its path? If you exercise your privileges and perform your duties as citizen, you are a spoke in the wheel. If you supinely sit at home allowing others to act and think for you, you are merely a bump on the log.

"Some men stay away from the polls because of the evil associations," said a gentle little woman, in all seriousness.

True, but these are drones in the beehive of life, who avoid all effort, yet enjoy the honey produced by the workers.

The sins of inaction are greater than the errors of misguided action. Error in action is quickly discernible and can be rooted out.

The effort to eradicate error incites numbers to work, who would otherwise drift with the stream. It is the drifters that impede the stream of progress and increase its burden.

At the hearing before the Committee of the Judiciary—House of Representatives—on Women Suffrage, on March 2nd, 1914, it was my privilege to be present and to participate therein. The accounts published in the daily papers of the proceedings were, as usual, cleverly manipulated until very little of the sentiment or the force of the strength conveyed by the speakers for women suffrage was given to the public. As a matter of fact, the speakers *for* woman's suffrage were womanly, dignified, interesting and comprehensive, not for one moment was the point of issue lost. The proceedings have been printed in full in the Congressional Record, issue of March 3rd, 1914. The report is too voluminous to attempt to reproduce even in part. It is our purpose to call attention to the great progress that has been made in awakening the interest of the women of the country to the fact that they are citizens; that the Constitution of the United States, in granting the right of the franchise to all *people*, except minors,

imbeciles and criminals, unequivocally grants the right of the franchise to its women as well as its men citizens. The important point appears to be that "custom" must be set aside and a full recognition of the women's equal citizenship be made manifest.

The Democratic administration is on trial! It now remains for those who are interested in *equal rights for all and special privileges to none*, to henceforth forbid further usurpation of the voting power and privilege by one-half of humanity. We of the Equal Citizens Union ask the President, his Cabinet, and the great Democratic House and Senate, who, in their platform embodied the slogan "Equal Rights to All and Special Privileges to None", how they can conscientiously constitute themselves a governmental trust, that is today granting to one-half of its citizens a special privilege that is denied to the other half—women, upon whom the Creator conferred the responsibility for the production of the whole human family?

If you desire to exercise your duties and privileges as a fellow citizen of the United States, sign and return the following:

**National Equal Citizens' Union
1140 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.**

I hereby apply for membership in the National Equal Citizens' Union, and desire to become a member of the civic body in establishing equality, justice, and truth for all humanity, including the franchise for all intelligent citizens irrespective of sex.

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Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager and Sole Owner,

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this fifteenth day of April, 1914.

Charles A. Bartlett.

(Notary Public)

Atlantic City, N. J.

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